

THE UNION.

"FROM THE LITTLE ACORN GROWS THE MASSIVE OAK."

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JOHN WAS MIXED UP.

With Him the Typewriter and the Girl Were One and the Same.

John was an office boy, but was big enough to appreciate the good-looking girl when he saw one. He was a nice dresser, and withal quite a fine appearing boy. He was not well satisfied with his position, but his ambition was such that he hoped one day to be a stenographer and master of a typewriter. Keeping this in view, he had always practiced on a machine in the office. Indeed, all his spare time was put in that way, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

One day his employer passed through the office, and noting John at work, as he had noted him 100 times before, he said: "John, you're always trying to work that typewriter. What do expect to do in the future?"

John got red in the face, and he wondered who had been giving him away in that fashion.

"Who told you so?" he stammered out.

"Oh," said the man, "one of the boys told me about it."

"I know who did that," said John. "It was Charley. He tried to work that typewriter girl over there in the pink waist, and just because I beat his time he had to give the snap away to you, sir. I'll get even with him."

And even to this day they guy John as to how he gave himself away and mixed the girl and the machine.

BIBLE HIS ONLY WEAPON.

Queer Story of Hanse Hatfield, of the Hatfield-McCoy Band of Outlaws.

Mrs. E. P. Chapman, of Hartford City, W. Va., vouches for the truthfulness of the following story concerning Hanse Hatfield, one of the widely-known outlaws of the Hatfield-McCoy gang:

She was in Kanawha county some time ago instituting a Rebekah lodge, and, on her way home, stopped over Sunday with the family of a merchant in Charleston. Hanse Hatfield was in the city at the same time and was the guest of the merchant, being there on a purchasing tour. On Sunday evening Hatfield asked to be shown the Methodist Episcopal church, and, on being informed that there was no service in that church that evening, accepted the invitation to go with the merchant's family to the Presbyterian church. Upon arriving at the church Hatfield took the merchant to one side and told him the Hatfields had such a bad reputation that he always carried a weapon. He then proceeded to open a hand grip he was carrying. To the chagrin of the party he took therefrom an old and much used Bible, and, holding it up so those near could see it, said:

"This is the only weapon I ever carry, and to get along well and live close to the feet of Jesus Christ one must carry it constantly and use it often." The Bible was all there was in the grip.

IVORY USED BY THE ANCIENTS.

Relics Show That the Prehistoric Races Knew Its Value.

The earliest recorded history—we might say prehistoric, the hieroglyphical—that has come down to us has been in carvings on ivory and bone, says Appleton's Popular Science Monthly. Long before metallurgy was known among the prehistoric races, carvings

on reindeer horns and mammoth tusks evidence the antiquity of the art. Fragments of horn and ivory, engraved with excellent pictures of animals, have been found in caves and beds of rivers and lakes. There are specimens in the British museum, also in the Louvre, of the Egyptian skill in ivory carving, attributed to the age of Moses. In the latter collection are chairs or seats of the sixteenth century B. C., inlaid with ivory, and other pieces of the eleventh century, B. C. We have already referred to the Nineveh ivories. Carving of the "precious substance" was extensively carried on at Constantinople during the middle ages; combs, caskets, horns, boxes, etc., of carved ivory and bone, often set in precious stones, of the old Roman and Anglo-Saxon periods are frequently found in tombs. Crucifixes and images of the Virgin and saints made in that age are often graceful and beautiful. The Chinese and Japanese are rival artists now in their peculiar minutiae and detail.

Metallic Cheese.

It has been a common theme of congratulation by not a few writers and philanthropists, says the London Lancet, that the days are over when people were poisoned by the indiscriminate practices of the adulteror, and that now they are only cheated. What will be said, then, of the announcement that both the salts of zinc and lead are used in the preparation of cheese? "Cheese spice" is the delectable name of crystallized sulphate of zinc, which, according to Mr. Allen, the public analyst of Sheffield, is used to prevent the heating and cracking of cheese. Worse still, Mr. Stoddart, another public analyst, has described a sample of Canadian cheese in which he found metallic lead, and it is probable that the highly poisonous acetate of lead was employed for the same purpose as the sulphate of zinc.

Only Diamond Fields in Russia.

Count P. P. Schvaloff is the fortunate possessor of the only diamond fields in Russia. On his estates, comprising 300,000 hectares, five gems were accidentally found a few years ago. The first diamond was picked up on the place in 1830, and in the years since then about 150 have been discovered. Some years ago the count decided to carry on the hunt for more diamonds with vigor, though whether he has done so is not known to the present writer. The count is among the wealthiest landed proprietors in Russia, and related to the Russian ambassador to Berlin.

Lake Erie's Big Fish Supply.

It is claimed that Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any other body of water in the world.

PASSING OF LORD FAUNTLEROY.

The Mother Tried to Be Brave When the Golden Curls Fell.

The scene was in a Ninth street barber shop and the time was a morning earlier in the week. The "tonsorial artist" nearest the door had just called out "Next!" when there entered a very pretty young woman leading by the hand a four-year-old boy, with long, golden ringlets. He was a manly looking little fellow, and his hair was just the shade of the young woman's, although she looked almost too young to be his mother.

"Are you the man who cut this little

boy's bangs last time?" she asked.

"Yes'm; want 'em cut again?"

"No, not this time. I want his hair cut short all over. And won't you try to cut each curl off separately, for I want to send some of them out of town and one to his grandmother."

She had a pasteboard box in her hand in which to take away the gold that was more precious to her than any that has come from Klondike. She said she wanted the little boy's hair cut. It was probably the lad's father who wanted it; she had only acquiesced.

Several of the ebony-hued artists gathered around to watch, while the lad took his seat in a big chair, as proud as Punch, for he was to be a "mother's little Lordy Fauntleroy" no longer. He smiled, but there was a suspicious tremor about his mother's lips as she took a brush, and for the last time curled his beautiful ringlets about her slim and tapering finger.

Snip, snip! went the scissors, and one by one the curls were carefully laid away in the box. Before the last one was gone the young mother was huddled up in the bootblack's chair crying as if her heart would break. There was no doubt now that she was the child's mother. He was a baby no longer. It was much more comfortable for the child, and it was time it was done, and all that, but just the same he would never be mamma's little baby again, and she could not see the wealth of falling gold for the tears in her eyes.

Not a man in the place smiled, and even the "Shine, mister," seemed to see a bit of pathos in the scene. The barber over in the corner had to stop a moment while the man he was shaving wiped a sudden tear from his own eye. The man, gray-haired and somewhat crusty, was thinking of a lock of gold tucked away in the back of his desk in a busy downtown office, and his memory had gone back to the time when he tucked that strand beneath his blue soldier's blouse and with musket on his shoulder had started for the front.

"Next!"—Washington Star.

Heavy-Weight Woman Awheel.

A very fat woman, who was learning to ride a bicycle under the tutelage of a very thin young man, succeeded in cutting a wide swath in the vicinity of Broad and Federal streets recently. After the woman had barely learned to mount she wriggled out into Broad street and succeeded in crashing into a triplet wheel, sending the riders in a heap among a very nest of wheels. Fortunately no one was injured, but there was blue air in abundance. The thin man and a policeman finally dragged the woman and her bicycle to the sidewalk, and she was about to laugh, when her eyes rested on what remained of her wheel. The handlebars looked like a corkscrew, the lantern was as flat as a pancake, and the wheels seemed to be twisted in all directions. This, together with the remarks of a few rude youngsters, who suggested that she could carry ice with it and keep cool, only added to her ire, and she was finally requested to move on, so that the sidewalk could be cleared. She moved. —Philadelphia Record.

SINGING AMONG THE GREEKS.

The Ancient Greeks Sang Blithely and Were Carefully Instructed.

Our present system of public instruction is not so modern as some would

have us believe. Sparta had her state superintendent, who, if distant report is to be trusted, was an educational despot. But, while he wielded his walking stick freely during official visits, and encouraged his subordinates to ply the rod on all occasions, he was as diligent a promoter of music as is any humane and progressive educator of our era. As a result, the little Lacedaemonians sang blithely, no matter what torment was going on under their tunics. And all over Greece, in those dim days, were schools, ranging from infant grades instructed under Arcadian hedges to the university-extension schemes harbored in buildings uniquely termed "places of leisure." The infants were drilled in their alphabet-gammas; the older boys were taught poetry and gymnastics, with something of arithmetic, geometry and drawing; and adults spent their leisure with rhetoricians and sophists, paying handsomely for the privilege. But music was a sine qua non of Grecian life, in school and in sport, in battle and in burial. The epic and elegiac chantings at festivals, the calm speculations of Pythagoras as to the music of the spheres, the choral outburst of "the great fifth century," the material odes of Tyrtaeus and Pindar, all show the national love for melody of voice as well as for high and harmonious thought. An old-time Greek set down amid the strident, metallic voices of our occidental world would feel that the Furies had seized either upon him or the continent he was visiting.

SOME CAUSES FOR DROWNING.

Fainting and Swallowing Water Frequently Responsible for Death.

When a good swimmer, as so often happens, dives into deep water and is never seen again, his death is always ascribed to "cramps," says the London Mail. This view is, however, no longer accepted by careful observers. Cramp is a frequent cause, no doubt, but by no means the only one. Syncope, or fainting, for instance, is answerable for many deaths. Many people who have been splendid swimmers, but who have taken no violent exercise for a year or two, plunge in after a fatiguing walk, and their heart simply fails to come up to the scratch; they faint and down they go. It should never be forgotten that the coolness of the water throws an immense sudden strain upon the heart, and that, if there is anything like a flaw in that organ, it is pretty sure to break down. Another cause of a large number of drowning accidents is the entrance of water spray into the lungs. You are swimming in a choppy sea against the wind. Suddenly a wave breaks in your face, and the wind blows the spray down your throat. The result is a terrible convulsive effort of the lungs to eject the water, and instant unconsciousness. You go down, and people ascribe your loss to the one and only "cramp."

Curried Tomatoes.

Wash a cup of rice; add a teaspoonful of curry powder and salt to a quart of stewed tomatoes. Put a layer of the tomatoes in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of rice, and more tomatoes and rice until the dish is full. Sprinkle the top with bread crumbs, and bits of butter, bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, and serve in the dish in which it is cooked.—Household.